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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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June 72

GLOVER & GLOVER,
ATTORNEYS
AND
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
Treas. W. GLOVER. MORTIMER GLOVER.
Jan 2 1y

HUTSONS & LEGARE,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.
Will attend the Courts in Orangeburg, Barnwell and Beaufort, and the United States Courts.
OFFICE AT ORANGEBURG, S. C.
W. M. HUTSON. W. F. LEGARE.
T. K. LEGARE.
Jan 28 c 1y

IZLAR & DIBBLE,
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JAMES F. IZLAR. SAMUEL DIBBLE.
Feb 28 * 1y

MALCOLM I. BROWNING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
aug 21 1y

FRED. FERSNER,
DENTIST.
Will be in Orangeburg every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
Office in rear of BULL, SCOVILL & PIKE.
Feb 20 1f

DR. H. W. KENNERLY,
ORANGEBURG,
H. W. KENNERLY, M.D.
Having removed to this place, respectfully offers his Professional Services to the Citizens and Vicinity.
Office on Russell Street, opposite Bull, Scovill & Pike's.
mar 18 2m

DR. J. R. TOOMER,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE CITIZENS of Orangeburg and Vicinity that he has resumed the Practice of Medicine, and can be found at his Residence on Russell Street.
Jan 16—1y

D. W. ROBINSON.



FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
I have the pleasure to announce to my numerous Customers and the Public generally, that having removed to a Central Position, handy and convenient to all, I am now prepared to make up a GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE with Neatness and Dispatch. Terms liberal and Work Warranted. Thankful for the Patronage of the past, I respectfully solicit its continuance. Next door to Messrs. Bull, Scovill & Pike, I can be found at all times.
Jan 9—1y D. W. ROBINSON.

CRACKERS AND CAKES.
By the BOX and at RETAIL, a choice assortment of CRACKERS and CAKES, SNAPPERS, JUMBLES, CREAM, SODA, &c., &c., MOLASSES CAKES furnished at low rates by the Barrel or Box. Call and see Samples.
JOHN A. HAMILTON,
Court House Store.
Oct 9—5m

Josh Billings and the Lektur Com-mitty.

It is given to the world that once on a time the following letter was sent to Josh Billings, dated from Salt Point:

J. BILLINGS, Esq.:—I am instructed by our association to inquire of you, and solicit a reply, if you could read a discourse before our lyceum this winter, and if so, at what time, on what subject, and upon what terms.

Most respectfully yours,
EZRA SMITH.
Cor. Sec.

To which Josh gave the following reply, dated from Pokipsy:

SMITH, MY DEAR:—This day, at 10 o'clock A. M., I cum in contact with your letter, and was real glad tew hear from yu. How do you like being Cor. Sek. ov a Ly-Associ? It is a light, pretty bizness, and don't require much capital.

Let me ask you if you are any relation of Jake Smith, the latter. If you are forgit it, for Jake is a common cuss. The Smiths are a good family, and prevail more permiskus than any kind ov folks that I know ov, but it would be unnatural in the highest, if there want some, where they was so thick, that was wuss than the rest.

Did you ever read history Ezra? If you didn't yu will be surprised tew hear that John Smith married Pokerkontas the daughter of Powhattan, the injun boss.

The way this happened was so; Smith was about getting slewed, when Pokerkontas went in and fell flat on him. Old Powhattan give it up, and Pokerkontas had Smith, and Smith settled down and went into the injun bizness, in a small way, on his own hook.

This is the gist of the story. It is one of the most affectingest transactions on file.

You ought to read history Ezra; it will learn you informashun, and give yu a knowledge ov educashun.

I forgot tew state that John Smith lived somewhere in pensylvania, at the time his transakhuns with Pokerkontas took place, and if he ain't dead probably lives there now. There is one fast rate thing about history; it is alwus true; if it ain't true, it ain't history, so if you larn it oust, yew never have tew unhar-ness.

John Smith, who had the transakhun with Pokerkontas, had an immense invoice of boys, there is 13 ov that name in our town this morning, besides several who have either died or gone to Denever City.

Did it ever strike, Ezra, that death was one uv of the most remarkable things that could happen tew a man?

A man may be rich, and kuo history just like slupjacks for breakfast, and be handsomable to lift a ton without thinking but death beats awl these just as easy as bitin crackers.

Death seems to be as far as a man can git; when a man acquires that thoroughly, his ambishun seems to be satisfied.

One man can be richer, and lift more than another, but he kant be any more deader.

I am glad there is one thing in this world that is enuff for man.

Speaking uv man, Ezra, dew you kon-ter him a suckcass yet, or has he got tew try again?

History has a good deal tew say about man, that don't allude to his success.

Adew, Ezra.

Yours, full ov oats,

JOSH BILLINGS.

P. S.—I'll do it for seven dollars and thirteen cents.

J. B.

P. S.; P. S.—Time Jany the onst.

J. B.

P. S.; P. S.; P.—Subject, The Fleeciness uv Things.

J. B.

Complaints having been made that certain postoffice employes upon the railroads were doing a nice business for themselves at the expense of regular dealers, who are required to pay fare when transporting produce to market, the Postmaster-General ordered the following to be incorporated in the instructions: "Traffic in merchandise, while on duty, for the personal profit of a railway post-office clerk, route agent, or mail route messenger, even though the regular tariff rates of the railroad company are paid thereon, is absolutely prohibited. Post-office railway clerks, route agents, and mail-route messengers, must confine themselves while on the train strictly to the duties imposed on them by the Department."

A WORD TO PARENTS.—Do speak kindly to your little ones! Their hearts are brimful of love for you. Put yourself on an equality with them; join in their little sports and pastimes. Do not feel that you compromise your dignity by such acts. It will cause them to open their hearts to you, and you will unconsciously, gain their love and confidence, by which, with proper training, you may save them a world of trials, and perhaps from a career of crime. To my mind there can be no more heart-sickening sight than to see a child, large or small shun the presence of its parents.

When you see this the case, rest assured there is something wrong. Parents, for Heaven's sake! do not be stern and overbearing toward your children; recollect you were a child once; let them feel in their hearts that you are their best earthly friends, ever ready to sympathize with them in their sorrows or their joys. If they commit an error sometimes, speak to them gently of it, not before strangers, or you will destroy all the good effect it might have had by pursuing a contrary course.

Dead and diret—do not drive. Say what you have to say gently and kindly, not with anger on your brow, and in tones that would lead one to suppose they were culprits, and you a stern judge instead of a loving, tender parent, as you should be.

Anger is a blight. God only knows how much has withered under its influence. It has broken bonds of friendship, and severed family ties.

Do you try to make home attractive? If not, you commit a great error. Let it be, to your children, the "dearest spot on earth," the great world will beckon them away from the home nest soon enough; care and pain will write their hearts' sorrows on their faces, line their foreheads, dim their eyes, and blot out their dimples.

Let us, therefore, do all we can to make their childhood and youth happy and joyous; and when they go out from it, to mingle with the cold unfeeling world, it will be to them a green spot ever in memory, to which their minds can revert with pleasure.

Let me say again, speak gently to your children; it will cost you nothing, but will make their hearts glad. Encourage them to bring their associates home with them; you can then see if they are proper ones, and point out traits to be shunned or imitated. Cultivate a kindly disposition to all; especially to little children. It will pay.

The editor of the Buffalo Express is a devoted and affectionate son. He remarks upon his visit to the paternal tomb of Adam are as follows:

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in the land of strangers, far away from home and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the tomb of a blood relation. True a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeying through the Holy Land. Noble old man, he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I, I—alas, I did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is.

DUTCH CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The following cure for drunkenness is practiced in Holland: The patient is shut up in a room, and debarred all communication, except with his physician. As often as he pleases, spirits—brandy, whiskey, gin, &c.—are given him, but mixed with two-thirds water; all other drinks, such as beer, coffee, wine, &c., are mixed with one-third brandy. The various viands, too, that are given him—bread, meats, &c.—are all prepared with brandy; consequently the patient is in a state of continual intoxication. This lasts about five days; at the end of that time he asks with entreaty for some nourishment, without his request being complied with, and not until his organs absolutely abhor alcohol. The cure is complete, and from that day forth the very smell of spirits produces the effect of an emetic.

How A GIANT PUGILIST TRAINS HIMSELF FOR A FIGHT.—McCooie is now in training for his fight with Allen. The St. Louis Republican says of his method of training:

He sleeps on a good mattress, with plenty of warm covering, rises promptly at five o'clock in the morning, rain or shine, and immediately proceeds to a shed room in the rear of the lot, about ten by twelve, where he exercises with the dumb bells, a suspended sand bag weighing about four hundred pounds, cannon balls, and two heavy bags attached to cords running over a pulley. This exercise is continued for about half an hour, and is done to develop the muscle of the arm, the flesh on which now feels like buckskin stretched over marble. After this he wraps himself, up as warm as possible and nuzzles up his face so as to be hardly discernible for the purpose of producing profuse perspiration, and starts out for his four mile walk—two in and two out. Returning, he undergoes a salt-water bath and a pretty severe scrubbing and rubbing process; sufficiently rough, indeed, to take the skin off almost any other man but him. After the bath he dresses warmly again and rests awhile, and then breakfasts moderately on beef or mutton, with trimmings—the meat, of course, always rare. His diet is substantial, and varies but little from that of a laboring man although probably he does not eat as much. After breakfast comes a rest of an hour or so, until one o'clock, when he dons his walking shoes, each weighing about five pounds, and, accompanied by one or both of his trainers, and well muffled up, he starts out on a walk of from thirteen to sixteen miles; and as a walkist, he is a decided success. A day or so ago, when the Natural Bridge road, and indeed all the roads about the suburbs of the city, were in a maddy, slippery condition, he walked fourteen miles in one hour and fifty minutes, loaded down as he was with the heaviest of shoes, and said he felt so little fatigued that he could have repeated in the same time. His powers of endurance are astonishing. On his return from the walk he enjoys a short rest, then eats supper, and a short time after supper comes another walk of two or three miles. He never ventures out after the dampness of evening sets in, and is in bed promptly at eight o'clock. These are his everyday exercises, rain or shine.

A WONDERFUL PRIZE ESSAY.—Prize essays are so common that they excite little interest now-a-days. Particularly is this true of medical prize essays; but one has recently been written which deserves mention at least. It seems that some time ago, the Massachusetts Medical Society offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best dissertation on ventilating sick rooms at the least expense, with the least difficulty, and at the moment needed. Whereupon somebody writes as follows: "Pull down the upper window sash and leave the fireplace open." This is all there is of it. We query whether there has ever been a medical essay written which was more pointed and practicable. If this paper does not win the fifty dollars, we propose to raise that sum from private sources, and pay it over to the author. Sometimes it does a great deal of good to tell people, in plain English, what they already know so thoroughly that they hardly know it at all.—Herald of Health.

HEN PERSUADER.—The Springfield Republican, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceive the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

"Blobs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobs had a lively young shanghai pullet of boundless ambition. Blobs bought a persuader and his lone shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Blobs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him. Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a bandful of feathers, a few toe-nails and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobs saw it all! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort; she had lain herself away.

A man in Newburyport, Mass., has been nominated for Representative by one political organization and for Senator by another.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.—Ma is my mother. I am her son. Ma's name is Mrs. Shrimp and Mr. Shrimp is her husband. Pa is my father. My name is John George Washington Shrimp. Therefore pa's name is Shrimp; so is ma's.

My ma has a ma. She is my grandma. She is mother-in-law to pa. My pa says mother-in-laws ought to be vetoed. I like my grandma better than pa does. She brings me ten cent stamps and bolivars. She don't bring any to pa. May be that's why he don't like her.

Aunt Jerusha is my aunt. When pa was a little boy she was his sister. I like little sisters. Dickey Mopps has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I take her out riding on my sled. Aunt Jerusha don't like her. She calls her "that Mopps girl." I think aunt Jerusha ought to be ashamed of herself.

Aunt Jerusha is a very pious woman. She never wants us to talk loud on Sunday, and says we ought to have cold dinners. She hears me say the catechism, and knows it all without the book. She Susan Jane is spoiling that boy; Susan Jane is my ma; that boy is me. She says she hopes baby will early show a change of heart. If a change of heart would make baby stop crying, I wish so too. Aunt Jerusha lives with us. Sometimes I think ma would rather have her live with somebody else. I asked aunt Jerusha once why she didn't marry somebody and set up for herself. She said many a man had wanted to marry her, but while poor Susan Jane was in such a state of health she couldn't think of leaving! Besides, she said, what would become of your papa?

Aunt Jerusha sometimes has a state of health too. On washing day she has a headache, and does her head up in brown paper and vinegar; and I have to make toast at the kitchen fire; and I make some for myself too.

Aunt Jerusha says that nobody knows what she has done for that boy. That boy's me again. I told pa what she said. He said that was just so, nobody did know. Ma said that Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she's pa's dear sister. I don't see why that's any reason she should always scold when I eat cabbage with a knife.

INDIVIDUAL MINISTRY.—Mr. William Reynolds, of Illinois, said: I taught a class once without results. It troubled me sorely. I told my troubles to a minister of Christ, who was staying with me.

"You lack faith," said he, "have you ever taken your scholars one by one, and asked them why they are not Christians?"

"No, I never have."

"Well, there is your difficulty. You have lacked faith in the virtue of such direct labor with them. Take your class now, and ask each one of them personally, 'What keeps you, my dear—, from the Lord Jesus Christ?' Let us go apart and pray for your scholars."

We went to an upper room, and prayed that God would give me, as the teacher, each one of my scholars on the very next day. The next day, as the Sabbath, I resolved that I would honor God by believing His promises. There was no unusual religious interest in the school. As I longed and prayed for my class my faith increased. I pleaded, "O Lord, for thy name's sake, for Jesus' sake, give me all of my scholars for thee on the morrow."

I went to my class the next day with feelings I never had before. I taught the lesson. I applied it.

"Anne, when do you expect to be a Christian?"

"I don't know, Mr. Reynolds."

"Don't you feel that you ought to be one now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anne, will you not surrender your heart to Jesus?"

She burst into tears. I faithfully spoke to the next, until my five were in tears, and one of them said to me, "Won't you please meet us in a prayer meeting at our house, Mr. Reynolds."

"With pleasure."

I went there, we knelt in prayer, and every one them, there upon their knees, gave themselves away to Jesus; and there they are earnest Christians to day—three of them in my Sabbath school, leading others to the same Saviour. I took another class, and pursued the same course. All but one were converted to Christ.—Report of the Third National (American) Sunday-School Convention.

How TO KNOW THE TRUTH.—At a recent inquiry meeting, says a writer in the American Messenger, I came to a young law student of strong mind, and asked him, "Where are you on this great matter of salvation?"

"I don't know. I am all afloat. I don't know as I believe in the Bible or in God, or anything else."

"Are you happy in that condition?"

"No, I am not." He was an orphan, and among strangers.

"Well, there is a very simple and easy way to settle those doubts. Jesus says, 'If a man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.' Isn't it worth trying?"

"Yes," said he, "it is." And he did try it. At our next meeting he rose and said: "My friends, I am in the dark, but I have determined to give my heart and life to the service of God. Will you pray for me?"

For two or three days he continued steadfast, though still in the dark, and then light dawned upon his soul. Now he knows the doctrine of God, and that there is a blessed reality in religion.

SUPPORT YOUR HOME PAPER.—We know of nothing that is more disheartening to the publisher of a country newspaper, than to be told as he often is: "I take the Herald (or some other huge weekly) and it costs me but two dollars a year, and contains a deal more reading matter than yours." Does that man consider that its receipts for one week are double the yearly receipts of a country paper? Does he consider also that if that paper were published a thousand years it would not benefit him as much as his home paper does in one? That is the thing. See which will build up your own section; see which will be the greater benefit to your own district. It is the county paper that directs the attention of people to your farms, and publishes to the world its advantages, invites capital and advances interest in its own and adjoining counties. Besides, it is true that the huge weekly made up of the ponderous articles of the daily, contains more valuable matter than the county paper. It is not always filled up with lengthy editorials on some subject foreign to your interests and your taste, with long-winded, gassy novels, (the very bane of the reading public,) and extended accounts of this and that; while your county paper if conducted properly, will give you everything of importance in the most concise manner, and you have your time left to spend in something more profitable than wading through a whole case of type.

Let no one fail to take his county paper first, and if he should want a daily let that be a second consideration.

HOW TO STOP CHEWING TOBACCO.—In a recently-published pamphlet, the Reverend Mr. Trask gives the following advice to tobacco chewers:

1. Make the most of your Will. Drop tobacco, and resolve never to use it again, in any form.

2. Go to an apothecary and buy ten cents worth of Gentian root coarsely ground.

3. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of "fine cut" or "cavendish."

4. Chew it well and swallow all the saliva.

5. Continue this a few weeks, and you will come off conqueror; then thank God and thank us.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

A man may fleece his sheep, but not his land. The farmer's game is "give and take."

It is estimated that the plagues has killed two hundred and ten thousand cattle in England.

The United States produced twenty-five millions worth of cheese, and a hundred millions of butter last year.

A correspondent of the Farmer's Club warns people against feeding the rhabarb plant to hogs; he lost several by doing it.

All plants grow stronger and ripen better when the air circulates freely around them, and the sun is not prevented from an immediate influence.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer, writing from Lorain Co., Ohio, says three young men sheared 692 sheep, yielding 3,228 pounds of wool, in thirteen days.

The California wheat now afloat is worth four million dollars.

A western writer says if as much attention was paid to improving corn as is given to grapes, a hundred million bushels might be added to the annual crop. It is easy to equal any fancy breed cow with a native as a milker, but if the daughter of the native is as good a cow, it is an accident, not so in thoroughbred stock.

A writer in the Country Gentleman recommends fastening cows' tails to the barn joist where milking is done, by means of a cord and hooks made of wire.

Many English farmers feed no hay to their work horses, but keep them in high working order with straw, roots and shorts. The equivalent of 12 tons of hay can be produced on one acre in roots.

A writer in the American Stock Journal says that costiveness and its accompanying evils are the main cause of sows destroying their young, and that green and other proper food is the preventive and cure.

Good implements are indeed indispensable to success, and he who has provided them will not only have greater pleasure in his labors, but the profits which attend the judicious application of both time and labor.

An experienced Iowa wool-grower gives \$1.50 as the probable average cost of keeping a sheep a year, in that State.

Gas-tar, mingled with whitewash applied to the interior of a hen-house, at the rate of one gill to a pailful, it is said will disperse the lice.

It pays to make a cow comfortable in as many respects as possible. Every hour she suffers from any cause, the milk account suffers correspondingly.

Forty thousand beef cattle, bound north, have crossed the Brazos river, at Vaco, Texas, the present season; four thousand crossed in two successive days.

Farmers in Minnesota are paying twenty-four per cent. interest for money to hold their wheat, not wishing to take eighty or eighty-five cents a bushel for it.

An old stable keeper in England says he has never had a bad foot on his horses since he commenced the practice of bedding on a thick layer of sawdust. Pine sawdust he finds the best, oak the worst.

The farmer who stints his fields, is as unwise and improvident as he who starves his working cattle in both cases he is diminishing the ability of a faithful servant to be useful to him.

The Ohio Farmer estimates the corn crop in Northern Ohio will not be more than one-third an average, with half a crop of fodder, and that the whole State will not yield more than half a crop.

It is an excellent plan to keep a lump of common chalk in the feeding trough constantly, after the calves are a month old; this will correct the acidity of the stomach and have a tendency to keep them in a healthy state.

A farmer residing in DeWitt, Clinton county, raised 212 bushels of wheat on six and one-half acres of ground in 1869; he raised 200 bushels, or an average of 31 1/2 bushels to the acre for each year.

A company has been formed in New York to bring fresh meat to that market from Texas. The entire hold of the vessel is lined with non-conducting felt; and by chemical means a cold below the freezing point will be kept up.

Milton Merrifield, of Providence, caught fifty-two rats in one night, by exchanging a barrel of oats for them. He has often visited by rats for one's water, covering the surface with that. The "varmints" unsuspectingly vitchin in, and met a watery grave. This is an old but excellent trap where these animals are plenty.

A correspondent of the Dixie Farmer gives a report of the sex of the calves raised on his dairy farm this year. The bull used was a two year old Alderney. The cows were of different grades.

Twenty-eight cows produced 15 males and 13 female calves; 12 heifers brought nine males and three female calves.

At the meeting of the Social Science Association, in Albany, New York, the following statement was made: In New York alone, \$32,000,000 worth of meat annually is consumed, besides \$3,000,000 pounds of butter, valued at \$32,000,000, 72,000,000 pounds of cheese, valued at \$14,000,000—a total of \$79,000,000.

An Arab proverb concerning the horse was: "The first seven years for my young brother, the next seven for myself, and the last for my enemy." So far as this recommends light usage during the youth of a horse it is worthy of acceptance, but the period of full strength and activity is made too short, if the horse is well cared for.